

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP,  
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

## ON THE ICE.

BY CHARLES F. MCCLURE.

Early December had brought cold, still days, followed by sharp, windless nights. No snow had fallen. There was a glare on Mendota the like of which had not been seen in years. From Madison shore to Governor's Island, from the Yahara to the meads of Middleton, the glassy plain reflected a winter's sun by day, the winter stars by night. Skaters were in ecstasies. Yelling curlers swept imaginary obstacles from the polished path of the whirling stones. Varsity athletes played at polo, pull away, cross tag, or skin the devil, as occasion prompted or fancy willed. Proper youths glided about in company with the fair co-eds and maidens from the town. Small boys swarmed and played at shinney. The ice companies came. They fenced off large acreage and began the harvest of the crystal crop, leaving each succeeding night a new expanse of yawning blackness, which, at each recurring dawn, presented an innocent sheen of thin-skinned temptation whereon dazed townies and hare-brained preps trifled with destiny.

The sails of Peg Woffington, pennant winner of the empty-five regatta, drooped in a melancholy way off the foot of Francis street; and her owners, Carmichael, Sanborn and Denslow, gathered about the fireplace in the long room of the Psi Upsilon lodge on Mendota court and growled.

"Are you not going home for Christmas, 'colonel'?" asked Denslow.

"Not I. I am going to stay right here in this house, and 'Dood' Mayne and Bert Dorey are to stay with me; and we will take care of Peggy for you—if there is a blow."

"You see," he continued, with the enthusiasm of an underclassman, "the mother and sister are somewhere in southern California, the father is in Washington, and the paternal roof is quite devoid of prospective Christmas cheer. The pater, in a letter containing a Christmas check, suggested that it would be a commendable proceeding if his beloved son would devote certain regular hours of the short vacation to a general polishing up in Greek. The beloved son thinks he sees himself bucking out of term-time, he does!"

Christmas races came on. The lodge on Mendota court joined the neighboring chapter houses in proclaiming that silence which is said by long-suffering residents of the classic neighborhood to be actually audible during vacation time. Peg Woffington was anchored in the offing.

A few days' existence under the new order of things saw the library converted into a sort of Bohemian paradise.

In this retreat the three underclassmen whiled away such hours as were not spent aboard Peg Woffington. Here the trio were to be found on the morning of the fifth day.

"Hear the wind," cried White. "Won't the dainty Peggy go up in the air to-day?"

"How dark it grows," said Mayne, looking across the lake. "And what a wind! I hope it won't snow."

"Oh, it can't snow," said Dorey.

In half an hour they were out on the lake making ready the Peg Woffington. The wind came howling out from a bank of copper-colored clouds. It was cold, and keen, and biting. The sun had a ring. Things had a dirty, yellow light on them. The sail flapped and creaked in the gale as they stood the yacht against it. Dorey crawled in. "Colonel" wrenched on the tiller. Mayne caught the plank as she moved away, and came back into the box.

"We'll wish we had some of the fellows out on the runner plank to-day," shouted Dorey, pressing his cap down over his ears. "We'd better stop and reef as it is, 'Dood.' She'll lift clear off the ice when we get out towards the Point and into the full sweep of this."

"I can tell you one thing," "Colonel" shouted, "and that is that we don't go out beyond the Point to jump that crack to-day. We were only too lucky to make it yesterday where it was only three feet wide. It will spread in this wind so we can never jump it. Gee! But we are spinning!"

The sun went under the mounting clouds.

"No wind at all," scoffed Mayne. "We are enough weight for Peg in this puff. Just what we needed to go with the ice. If Carmichael and Sanborn and Denslow and some of the other fellows were here we'd have to knock under and give 'em the boat. We'd better enjoy a good thing while we've got it."

They were running nearer to the Point. The wind seemed to be gaining in velocity. It came in fitful sweeps. The third runner came up in the 22' with one of them, and seemed inclined to stay there.

"It is stronger out here, 'Dood,' I tell you. We'd better go back, and scare up some fellows for ballast. And we'd better come up into it and reef right now."

"What's the use of reefing in this cold?" complained Mayne. "We'll freeze to death, and to no purpose. She'll stand all this blow."

As he spoke, a hard squall struck. The runner went high, the sail lost the wind, and the three were nearly out on the ice.

"Ease her off! What did I tell you?" cried Dorey. "I am no baby, and I know that this is a roaring old blizzard that is crawling upon us."

"It's in the air," shouted "Colonel." "It has a danged uncanny feel. Babies or fools, I want no bath in Mendota this day, two miles from the court. What are you making out there for,

"Dood? Can't you hold her in on the Point more?"

"Not without going up in the air," grinned "Dood."

"Then come about," cried Dorey. The open water was just ahead.

"Don't try to jump; it's too wide!" Dorey's face blanched through the red of cold and the tan of a week of wind.

"Got to take it now," said Mayne, tersely. "It's all right. I've made it dozens of times."

Dorey reached for the helm.

"Come about!" he cried.

"Let go!" shouted Mayne. "You fool, do you want to drown us?"

The open crack was not ten yards away. The path of black water stood sharply out against the ice. Mayne held her to it. Two runners had the ice; the third was high. A leap, and then, with a crunch and scrape, the boat took the fissure safely. On she sped, quartering faster than a bird.

A white, fine snow began to drive before the wind. There was a hush, and then an angry snarl came from out the blotting whiteness. In the next instant the blizzard struck; the boat shivered, whirled full about in the shrieking blast. Clear from the ice she raised and spun, once, twice, again—then struck and slid, like a crab, back towards the yawning ice crack. The boom jaws were sprung from the mast. The sail was whipping helplessly. The jib, with its sheets, cracked and snapped like a pistol. Mayne came hard on the helm. The runner would not stick. Twice he slammed the helm. Twice the runner caught for but a moment, and then slid. The boat neared the open water. Again the helm. Nearer. Again. She held. The boat stopped on the brink.

"Bert!" cried Mayne, "hold her where she is! Hold her! 'Colonel,' the boom! Raise her. Set the jaws. There! Now to reef!"

It was no time for laying blame. No one would have said it, anyway. The icy snow came thicker. It was a fine silt, now. It struck the flesh like needles on the wind. With fingers numb to stiffness the two boys labored with the reefing. The boat shook in the blast.

"She'll never hold," cried Dorey. "How can we cross the crack, when we've no start? What are we to do?"

Mayne shouted hoarsely:

"Beat off and come about, and down upon it, full tilt!"

This they tried. There was no other thing to do. Again they came upon the ugly, open blackness. Again the good boat took the breach, and three hearts beat the lighter.

"Here's a tale, if we ever get out of this!" cried the "colonel."

"I was scared to death," cried Dorey. "I'm half frozen," said Mayne. "What a blizzard. The shore line is blotted out!"

The driving sleet shut out the whole horizon. Peg Woffington sped like a sprite. The plank stood in the air.

"Ease her off. Make for the gym. That will boom up through the snow."

A new danger threatened.

"The ice fields!" shouted "Colonel." "They must lie right on our course!"

"They're fenced!" Mayne shouted. "We can see the fence! Watch out to starboard and ahead!"

"We can't see it, either! We can never see it! It is partly down on this side!"

"My God! 'Dood,' come about and up the bay!"

"We're running to the gym," cried Mayne. "We are not near the fields."

"Mayne! The fence! White's voice was hoarse with terror. "Come about!" he cried. "The fence is on our left! We are on the field!"

"Port your helm!"

Too late! In her blind flight the boat had struck the dangerous field whose western limits the ice cutters had left unguarded. Mayne put the helm hard to port. The Peg, quick to respond, trembled and careened in the blast as she came about. She slewed, lurched, toppled over and crashed through the thin ice and into the black waters. Dorey pitched headlong into the lake, half under the sail and boom. White was thrown upon him, but caught the sheet as he fell. Mayne, though plunged to the neck in the icy flood, hung to the helm, scrambled to the edge of the capsized boat and turned to reach for White.

With the energy of terror and despair Dorey struggled to free himself from the stiffening sail and the ropes that held his feet. He clung to White with the grip of a drowning man. The two, neither realizing what he was about, fought for a foothold on the boat, each unwittingly plunging the other back into the numbing water, defeating struggles that grew more frantic and less availing with each recurrence.

"Courage!" cried Mayne. "Stop that, you fools! Give me your hand; you, Dorey. Now!"

The bleeding hands clutched at Mayne, at the ropes, at the boat, and Dorey lay sprawled across the mast.

"Now, 'Colonel.'"

Mayne fastened his numb fingers in the coat of the drowning boy, and after many efforts hauled him on the boom, then to the mast and to the body of the boat.

Dorey began to crawl along on his stomach across the ice to the right. "Leave the boat," he shouted through the wind. "Crawl this way to me!"

Mayne and White crept out upon the ice. It held to the firmer edge. There the three started, weakly, to run in what they judged to be the direction of the court.

"Five hundred yards to shore!" Mayne tried to shout, his weak voice dying in his throat. "Run for life!"

"My God, I shall fall!" White cried. "My legs are gone!"

"Look into my arm!" Dorey shouted. Mayne clutched White's other arm.

Clinging to one another, stumbling, sliding, sobbing, freezing, falling, rising, reeling on, the three unfortunates neared the shore. By a miracle, it seemed, they came upon a breakwater at their own lodge on the court.

It was an age before the key went in

the lock and turned. Groaning in pain, sobbing in hysterical joy, they stumbled into the haven of warmth. Dorey and White fell prone upon the floor.

"Get up!" screamed Mayne, kicking at them and tearing at his coat with fingers that had no feeling in them. "Get up! Strip your clothes! White, is there any liquor in the house?"

There was a two-quart demijohn of old Kentucky in Denslow's steamer trunk. White knew of it. He stumbled up the stairs in his crackling garments, Mayne and Dorey after him.

They broke the neck just above the wicker. A soapless shaving mug poured full was portioned among them in fiery gulps. It was refilled and quickly emptied. They stripped themselves of their clothes, plunged into a bath-cold, to draw the frost—rubbed themselves with alcohol and with roughest towels until the pink of returning circulation began to show. The shaving mug was filled again and drained. Blood bounded along the limbs and stirred pleasantly in the extremities, but it was a pleasure that was much akin to pain. Their hands and feet and faces burned like fire. Their speech was thick. They were very happy.

The mug was quite a joke now. It was really very funny. They began to tell each other how very funny it all was. They did not feel like standing, because the table and the chairs were coming around in circles. So they sat down on the floor in front of the fireplace and rolled about and laughed and joked in a delightfully silly way, and felt, altogether very good and very funny.

And just at this time the bell rang.

"Who—who do you sp—sposh that ish?" said Mayne, making a vain effort to get his legs under him.

"Donnoiscare," said Dorey. "Siddown. Letum freeze outside. We're no sanitarium."

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the hall. The footsteps came to the sliding doors of the library.

"It is some of the fellows," whispered White. "Let's be ersleep."

"Come in or stay out, whichever you please!" shouted Mayne.

Carmichael, Sanborn and Denslow stepped into the room.

"You are a nice lot of freshmen," grinned Denslow, surveying the three culprits and taking note of the general condition of the apartment.

"Where did you fellows blow from?" Mayne demanded.

"We came in for some ice-boating," said Carmichael. "Have you got any on hand?"

"Yezzir," said Mayne, who seemed fascinated by the fire. "Yezzir, we saved Peg Woffington f'm drownin'—drownin' us; we're celebratin' the event."

"Where is the Peg Woffington?" demanded Sanborn.

"Her runners is rustin'," the "Colonel" observed. Whereat the graceless youngsters laughed. "Her runners is rustin', an' we're goin' out to put some lather on 'em, by'n by."

Then the story of the escapade came out, and by the time the tale was told in all its glowing particularity the three heroes of the adventure began to feel a drowsy contentment. They readily fell in with Carmichael's suggestion that they retire and "rest up" for awhile; and they made a grand rush for "Blommy's" big bed. Sanborn followed them.

"Do you know that your father is in town, 'Colonel'?" he asked. "He came in from Washington this morning."

Mayne and Dorey chuckled. The latter punched White in the ribs.

"You'll catch it," he gurgled.

"I might just as well be at the bottom of the lake," "Colonel" groaned. "He will want to know about the Greek polish."

"Give him some la-lather," murmured Dorey.

"What in time is he out here for?" "Colonel" asked.

"He came on unexpectedly to hunt up some evidence in the timber land cases, and he said he would be too busy over at the capitol to see you till tonight. So don't fret. Have your sleep, and you will be all right when he comes."

Senator White, contrary to expectations, appeared at the lodge on the court at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Sanborn gave him the whole story, and in company with the three upper classmen, the old gentleman stole up to the chamber to gaze on the sleeping boy.

The senator stood very still, and after a silent moment he gave a little sigh that was all pride and tenderness. He smiled, too, a little sadly, and there was moisture in his eyes. Sanborn, Denslow and Carmichael understood. They, too, smiled at the sleepers; and if they in that moment wished, with a tinge of regret, that their own days of freshman foolishness were before and not behind them, why that was surely their privilege as upper classmen.

"I am going in to Milwaukee to-night," the "Colonel's" father whispered, "and then back to Washington. Tell the boy that I saw him, and give him his father's love. Thank God they are not under the ice!"

Mayne stirred uneasily in his sleep and began to mutter.

The watchers bent forward.

"Courage!" he muttered. "Stop that, you fools! Give me your hand; you, Dorey. Now!"

"Poor little devils!" said Sanborn, Outing.

What More Could He Say?

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for?

Female Patient (calmly)—They weren't given to me—I bought 'em.—Odds and Ends.

Philetas, a poet of Cos, in the Third century B. C., was of such diminutive size that his acquaintances humorously said of him that he was obliged to carry weights of lead in his clothing to prevent himself from being blown away.

—The double eagle, in gold, is 1 7/20 of an inch.

## JEWELS MATCH EYES.

The Most Recent Fad of Fashionable Women.

One of the very latest commands of Mme. Fashion is not without a touch of poetic feeling. Whimsical, it nevertheless suggests novelty. She cannot alter the color of the eyes. She cannot decree that blue shall be worn instead of hazel for a season, or that gray shall take the place of the deep blue that is almost violet, so she makes what is perhaps a pretty compromise. She wills it that until further orders the gems that women wear in their jewelry shall match the color of their eyes.

The turquoise is to be de rigueur with light blue eyes, and the sapphire with the darker tint "that shames the iris and rivals the violet's hue." The topaz is to go with the hazel eye, and the black pearl with those deep, dark, unutterable eyes, "with downfalling lids that are full of dreams and slumber."

It is to be presumed that the green eye is ruled out of consideration, since no one likes to claim that color. Yet there are eyes of beauty that might invite association with the emerald, and there is hardly a more fascinating gem than the cat's eye. Fashion has a large way of averaging things, and possibly generalizes the eye as blue, gray, hazel, and black, so that variations of these shall have choice of the other colored stones.

Ladies who have odd eyes will have the privilege of variety in jeweled decoration. Those who are willing to acknowledge green eyes will perhaps be more "in the swim" than all the rest, for the new stone of the season, the rival of the opal, is the olive, a beautiful green gem. It is so much like the emerald that it cannot be distinguished from it except by experts. As a rule, though, it is lighter and clearer than the emerald. It is found in Siberia, in much the same formation in which the emerald is found in Central and Southern America.—Philadelphia Press.

## NOT ATTENTIVE ENOUGH.

But Somebody Kissed Her Three Times in the Tunnel.

They were a young couple and had been married only a few months. They resided in the suburbs and were on their way to the city—he to business and she to do some shopping. He had evidently been out the night before and did not feel in a talkative mood, while she was garrulous. He frowned and read his paper. The tunnel was reached—the long, dark tunnel—and not a light in the car. She made a few commonplace remarks. He slept.

Their destination was reached and out of the car they passed.

"I was afraid you were angry at me this morning," she said, adjusting her bonnet.

No reply.

"I talked so much when you wanted to read," she went on.

No answer.

"But your affection dissipated all my fears, love," she continued, buttoning her glove.

"My affection!" he said, looking at her quizzically.

"Yes, dear."

"What affection? When did I show any affection?"

"Why, in the tunnel, George," said the wife, taking his arm.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you innocent boy!" with a pinch of his arm.

"You're speaking in riddles."

"Of course; you kissed me in your sleep, I suppose?" with a laugh.

"Kissed you? I didn't kiss you."

"Didn't kiss me in the tunnel?"

"No!"

"Well, some one did; three times."

The young husband has sworn off reading the newspapers in the morning and is preparing to read the riot act to some one.—Yonkers Statesman.

## USES FOR OLD JEWELRY.

How Obsolete Ornaments May Be Turned to Good Account.

There are perhaps few women who have not on hand quite a collection of old jewelry, which they occasionally take a look at and sigh over because there seems no available way of utilizing it, for the antique gold brooches, dangling earrings and wonderful bracelets of 30 or more years ago stand little show of being again made fashionable by our modern workers in gold and jewels. There are, however, several ways in which these obsolete treasures may be made to serve a purpose both useful and beautiful. The huge oval brooch, for instance, worn by your mother will make a beautiful frame for a miniature or other small picture, if the collection of human hair or other curious center is taken out.

Then there are those terrible silver manacles which women wore quite cheerfully not so very long ago. A dainty use for these, and one which will commend itself to all who like something unique for their toilet tables, is merely to transform them into pin-cushions. First clean the bracelet thoroughly and then glue the lower edge very firmly to an oval shaped piece of cardboard. When the bracelet has stuck well, cut the board to the extreme edge and proceed to make your cushion.

This must be oval, of course, and may be filled with bran.—Detroit Free Press.

## Valuable Shrubs.

In winter valuable flowering shrubs which need protection should be very carefully wrapped in straw. They are often killed by the sap starting in winter.

"The grass that grows in Janeyere, Grows the worse for all the year."

The same is true of every plant and shrub. It is desirable they should have an unbroken rest from growth under the frost and snow.—N. Y. Tribune.

## How to Gain Flesh.

Women who wish to gain flesh should keep warm. One physician puts his whole prescription to such patients in one sentence: "Eat root vegetables and keep warm." Soft, warm, wadded lounging robes, deep downy chairs and pillows to nestle in, should be a part of the belongings of the woman seeking avoirdupois.—Philadelphia Press.

## COMFORT IN PLUMES.

According to This Cruelty to Fashionable Birds is a Fallacy.

Here is a bit of news that is delightful. The new woman, who is nothing if not humanitarian, will especially welcome it. There is not the slightest demand at the present moment, either in this country or abroad, for little birds. One great merchant, in fact, who happens to have a few cases, in which he speculated about a year ago of parakeets, grassfinches and other lovely little fluttering gems, finds them absolutely unsaleable in face of present and probable fashion. The real bird of paradise is exceedingly costly, and nineteenth of what are termed "paradise plumes" are imitations, as clever and exact as "electric rabbit" is of true seal-skin. But it is over the osprey and egret that women have been most rated for barbarity and thoughtlessness, and weird stories of the hen-bird ruthlessly slaughtered on her nest are brought up at meetings and in pamphlets, and tales of complete extermination are told. Yet the birds which produce the plumes of this type—the crane and heron orders—are almost universally scattered over the world, and alike from the Brazils, Venezuela, Burma and South India, from Florida and South and West Africa, from Turkey in Europe and southern Russia, supplies are drawn. Here is a letter of a broker of world-wide dealings, who says: "I have made special inquiries of some of our agents and buyers, some of whom have been actually in the West Indies, and seen the birds, and the conditions of a capture. They all agree that the idea of cruelty is a fallacy, or, at any rate, a very gross exaggeration. For instance, in the case of osprey feathers, we would especially bring to your notice a point of which the opponents of their wear make much capital, and that is the killing of the female bird on her nest. Common sense, if nothing else, should point out the stupidity of such a proceeding, as, if such were the case, the bird would have been pretty well exterminated by now. The proof that it is not done is afforded by the increasing amount that is coming into the market from all points in obedience to a larger demand, and shows that the bird is instead fostered by the hunters, who, knowing their value, would certainly not wish to kill the goose that laid the golden egg."

The pretty "mounts," now so cheap, so effective and so fashionable involve no hunting for, or slaughter of, rare birds. As a fact, the humble barnyard fowl, in its course through the market, contributes a very appreciable basis of this cleverly-made finery. At the present moment the cock feathers, so largely worn, are being mostly furnished by Russia, which supplies us with thousands of crates of frozen chickens. The quills of geese and swan wings are dyed, and, perhaps, sprinkled with a little gold or silver leaf, and the peacock's feathers chemically treated so as to remove all soft fluff, provides the imitation osprey of these inexpensive ornaments. Inferior ostrich feathers are very cunningly manipulated to produce little clusters of tips, or with the help of a drop or two of gum, can be turned into charming pompons. Sometimes a number of different feathers will be used in conjunction, and there will be perhaps, three tiny tips, a couple of quills and some fancifully-cut short feathers dusted with glittering paillettes. The plumes of young ostriches on their first moult have a very poor and thin end, which appears perfectly useless. Yet from these a very good counterfeited presentment of the infinitely more precious bird of paradise tail can be evolved.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## JAPANESE POLICEMEN.

They Are Recruited from the Old Samurai Class.

Japanese policemen are for the most part recruited from the old samurai class, and, as might be expected from the sons of men who carried loyalty and devotion to or beyond the point of absurdity, most of them are courageous and incorruptible. They are intelligent and well disciplined, as well, and do an enormous amount of work for salaries that, according to western ideas, are extremely small.

A Tokio policeman is on duty only every other day, but his working day is 24 hours long. For eight of these he stands in front of one of the little sentry boxes, of which there are 338 scattered through the city. The next eight hours he spends in patrolling an assigned district in search of material for reports to his superiors on all sorts of political and social topics. The remaining eight hours he passes sitting or lying on a little bench in his little box, ready to respond to any call for his services that may be made. On his "day off" the police officer has nothing to do except to fill out census blanks, serve summonses and attend such of his 42 regular duties as he may not have been able to perform the day before.

These duties include inspection of streets, sewers and cemeteries, censorship of newspapers, preventing the sale of unwholesome meat, vegetables and milk and careful oversight of saloons, pawnshops, markets, festivals, funerals and foreigners. The policeman's authority is highly respected.

He rarely ever has any difficulty in making arrests, and he often decides minor cases and settles petty disputes by holding a little court of his own in the open streets. On such occasions the surrounding crowd shows no disposition to banter him, and witnesses are examined and a decision rendered with perfect gravity.—N. Y. Times.

## Great Expectations.

She.—They say I have my father's eyes.

He.—I hope you will inherit something else from him.—Town Topics.

## Characterized.

"Madge is such a peculiar girl."

"How so?"

"She thinks she hasn't any peculiarities."—Chicago Record.

## HUMOROUS.

—An Hypothesis.—"Papa, why does the sun go south in the winter?" "Oh, I suppose he can afford to."—Detroit Journal.

—The Blond—"I wonder if I shall ever live to be 100?" The Brunette—"Not if you remain 22 much longer."—Tit-Bits.

—Laura (showing her album to a friend)—"Isn't it strange that our oldest pictures always make us seem the youngest?"